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DYNAMIC COMICS

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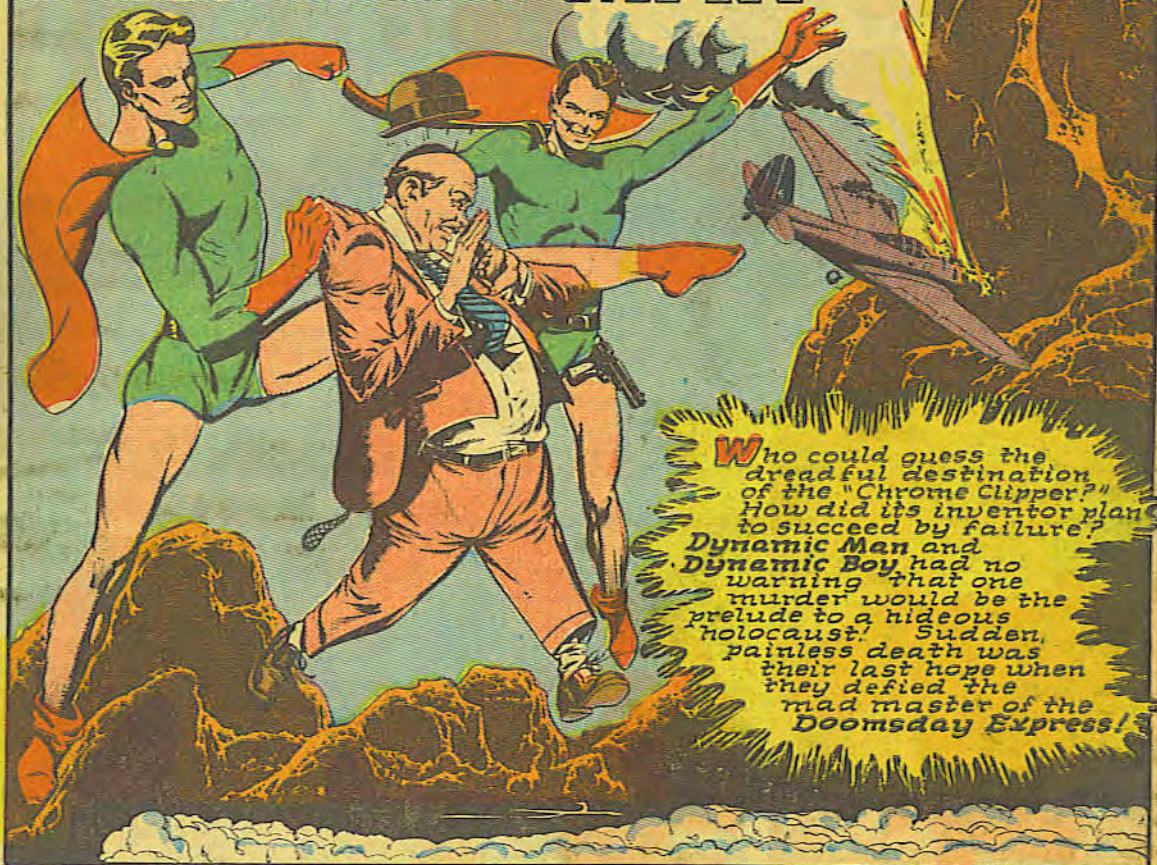
HARRY A. CHESLER JR.
WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS





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DYNAMIC MAN



Who could guess the dreadful destination of the "Chrome Clipper?" How did its inventor plan to succeed by failure? Dynamic Man and Dynamic Boy had no warning that one murder would be the prelude to a hideous holocaust. Sudden, painless death was their last hope when they defied the mad master of the Doomsday Express!

WHAT A SCOOP! THIS STORY WILL HOLD THE FRONT PAGES FOR WEEKS! OH-OH--THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME!



KILL THAT SNOOPER, LIN! IF HE ESCAPES, OUR SCHEME WILL BE SMASHED!



LOOK! HE'S FALLING! I GOT HIM, DOC!

A REPORTER FROM "THE STAR" BURY HIM, LIN. THEN FIND HIS CAR AND DITCH IT ACROSS THE RIVER!

WE'LL BE IN A JAM IF HE WAS SENT HERE, DOC!



Four hours later at the reporter's office--

STEVE NEVER MISSED A DEADLINE! DOESN'T ANYBODY KNOW WHERE HE WENT?

HE WAS SUPPOSED TO COVER BASEBALL PRACTICE AT CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH. I'LL CALL BERT MCQUADE, THE COACH.



NO STACY. STEVE WANTED ME TO GO ALONG WITH HIM BUT HE DIDN'T SAY WHERE.

QUICK, RICKY! LOCK THE GYM DOORS! MAKE SURE EVERYONE IS OUT!

RIGHT, COACH. CHANGING TO OUR DYNAMIC UNIFORMS, I'LL BET!



LOOK! DYNAMIC MAN AND DYNAMIC BOY-- ZOOMING FROM BEHIND THE GYM!

GEE WHIZ!

THEY PRACTICALLY HAUNT THIS ACADEMY!

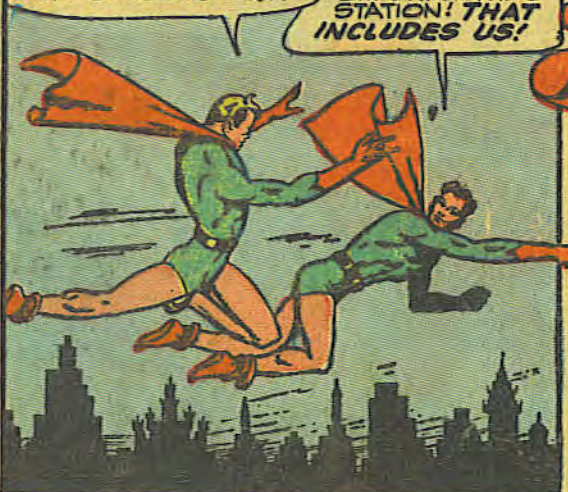


IF STEVE'S IN TROUBLE, WE CAN GET HIM OUT EASIER ALONE THAN WITH BUNGLING HELP!

VISITORS ARE TABOO AT DOC KRUGER'S EXPERIMENTAL STATION! THAT INCLUDES US!

OPEN TERRAIN. NO COVER. HEAD DIRECTLY FOR THE HANGAR!

CHECK! NOTHING BEATS SURPRISE!

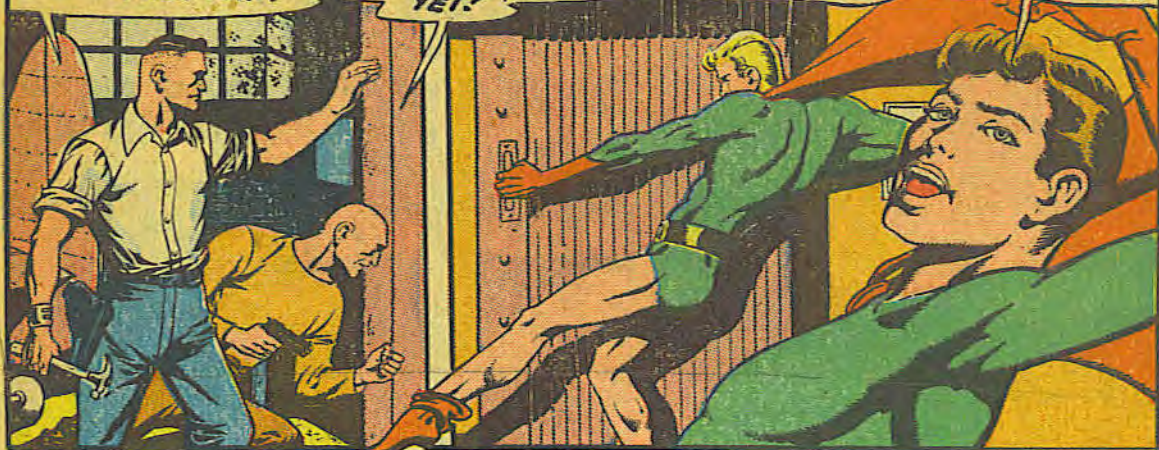


THEY'RE TAMPERING
WITH THE MAIN
DOOR! **QUIET, TORD!**

YEAH--DOC SAYS
KNOCK 'EM BLOTTO--
DON'T KILL 'EM
YET!

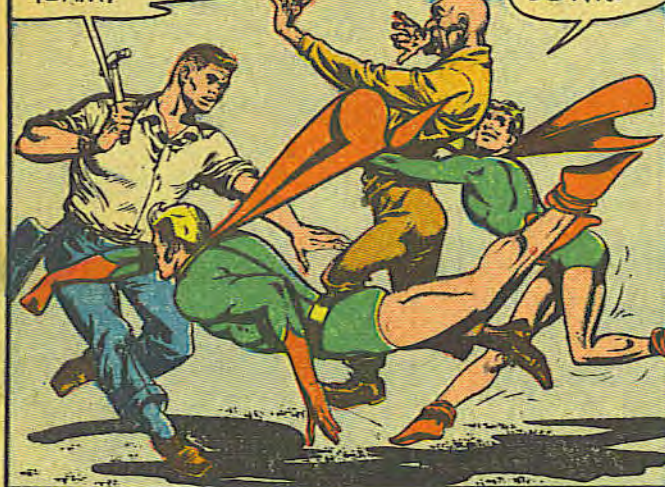
IT'S LOCKED
ON THE INSIDE,
AND GOOD!

**ABOUT FACE--
AND CHARGE!**



SCORE TWO
TOUCHDOWNS
FOR THE VISITING
TEAM!

KICK 'EM FOR THE
EXTRA POINT IF
THEY DON'T STAY
DOWN!



WHERE'S STEVE
CROSBY, THE
REPORTER WHO
CAME HERE?

SIX FEET
UNDER THE
SOD AND
YOU TWO ARE
GONNA **JOIN** HIM!



**ANA! THE CHAMPION
BUSYBODIES-- DYNAMIC
MAN AND DYNAMIC BOY!
INSIDE THE HANGAR
OR I'LL BLAST YOU
FULL OF HOLES!**

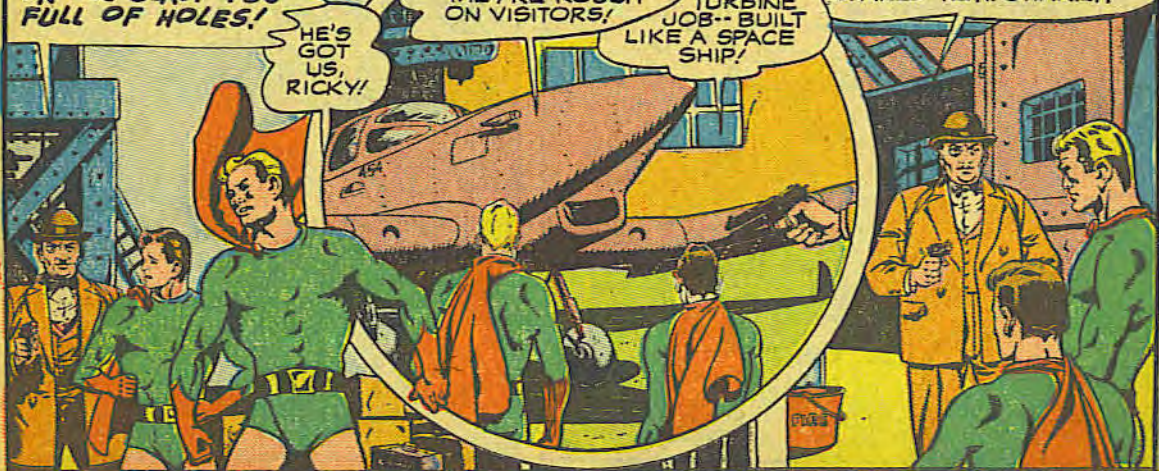
HE'S
GOT
US,
RICKY!

**HOLY MACKEREL--
WHAT A SHIP!**

NO WONDER
THEY'RE ROUGH
ON VISITORS!

A JET
TURBINE
JOB-- BUILT
LIKE A SPACE
SHIP!

**INSIDE THE TOOL
CRIB, SNOOPERS?**
I'M EXPECTING GUESTS
SO YOUR LIVES WILL BE
SPARED TEMPORARILY!



WE'VE GOT TO PLAY A WAITING GAME, RICKY, UNTIL KRUGER'S GUESTS ARRIVE!

THIS CELL IS SOLID! IF WE GET OUT ALIVE, I'LL HAVE TO PINCH MYSELF!



A distinguished group of scientists arrive...

OR PROVE A TOTAL LOSS! I

THAT MONEY WE ADVANCED KRUGER IS GOING TO PAY US BIG DIVIDENDS!

HAVE DOUBTS THAT HE PUT THE SHIP THROUGH A SUCCESSFUL TEST FLIGHT!



I KEPT MY PROMISE, GENTLEMEN! HERE ARE CERTIFIED CHECKS FOR TRIPLE THE AMOUNT YOU LOANED ME!

KRUGER, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

THEY'RE SWAPPING HIS I.O.U.'S FOR THE CHECKS, BUT I'VE A HUNCH THEY'LL NEVER LIVE TO CASH THEM!

SHUT UP YOU!

IF YOU SHOUT TO WARN THEM, WE'LL TORTURE YOU UNTIL YOU BEG US TO KILL YOU!

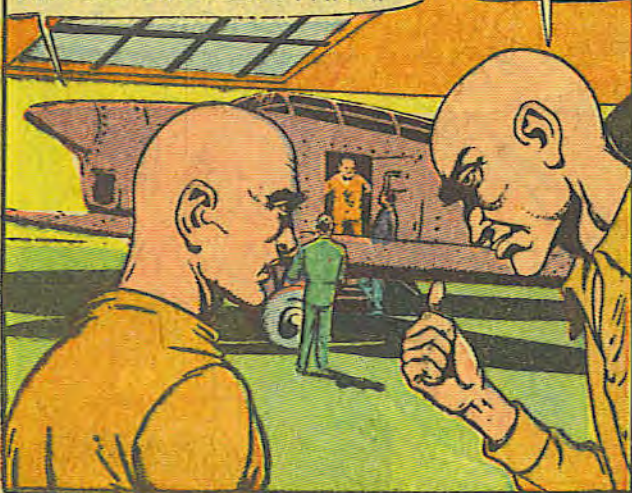
GUESS AGAIN, GUY! TURN THE KEY IN THE LOCK OR THIS PIANO WIRE WILL CUT YOUR WINDPIPE!

YEAH--AH!



DOC'S HERDING 'EM ABOARD. AFTER HE SETS THE CONTROLS, HE'S GONNA DROP OUT THROUGH AN ESCAPE HATCH!

THEY'LL BE TRAPPED LIKE RATS!



IF THE JET ENGINE FAILS, WE HAVE NO CHUTES OR LIFE RAFTS!

YOU WON'T NEED THEM, GENTLEMEN! TO LONDON AND BACK WILL TAKE ONLY THREE HOURS!



As the huge aircraft moves with thundering exhaust from its jet engine, no one sees Kruger's escape --

GRAB SOMETHING! THROW SOMETHING!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP
THIS TAKEOFF!



BULLSEYE! IT CAN'T
GET INTO THE AIR NOW!
I'LL CHASE IT DOWN
THE FIELD!



I'LL BE WITH YOU
SOON AS I FINISH
OFF THESE THUGS!



WHEN I REACH
THE ROOF, YOU
GENTS WILL HEAD
FOR THE FLOOR!

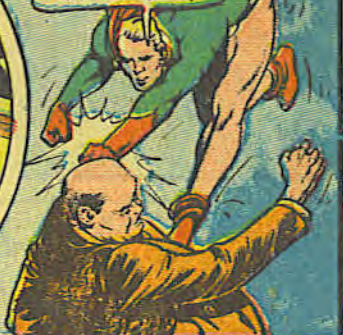


HELP!
GRAB US!
WE'LL BE
KILLED!

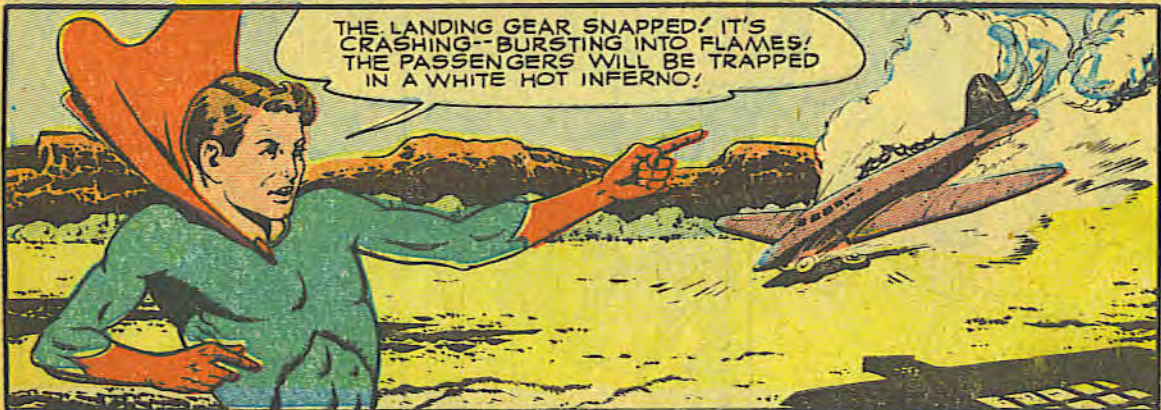


YOU
DESERVE
IT!
HAPPY
LANDING!

SO--YOU DUCKED OUT
FROM THE MURDER
CRUISE, EH, DOC? I'LL
COME BACK TO SEND
YOU ON YOUR
LAST MILE!

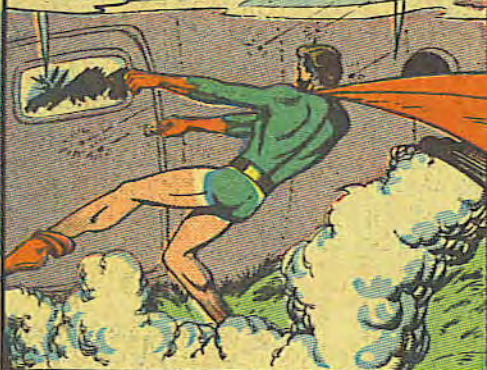


THE LANDING GEAR SNAPPED! IT'S
CRASHING--BURSTING INTO FLAMES!
THE PASSENGERS WILL BE TRAPPED
IN A WHITE HOT INFERNO!



HEAVE AGAINST THE DOOR-- EVERYONE-- OR WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE!

IT'S STUCK! AND HOLY SMOKE--THERE'S SOMEBODY BACK THERE FIRING A MACHINE GUN!



IF OPEN TANKS OF GAS AND OXYGEN DON'T FINISH 'EM, I'LL PICK 'EM OFF AS THEY LEAP!

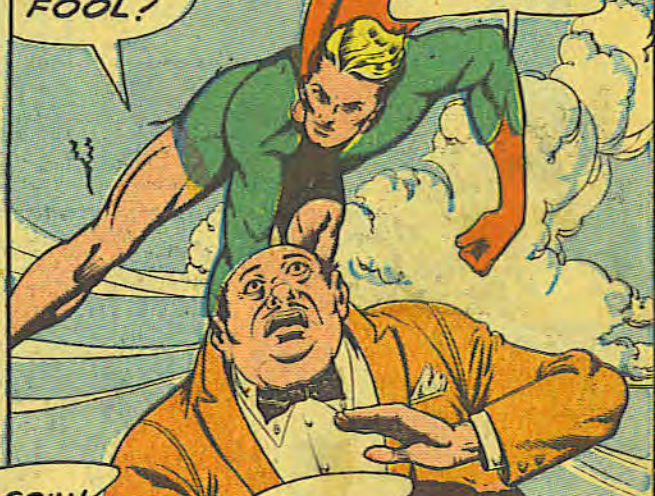


KRUGER! HE SNEAKED OUT WHILE I WAS THROWING THE OTHERS IN THE CELL!



LET ME GO, YOU FOOL!

SURE--FROM A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE YOUR PHONY SHIP!



TO COVER UP YOUR FRAUD AND MURDERS, YOU PLANNED IT SO PEOPLE WOULD THINK YOU PERISHED IN THE CRASH!



NICE GOIN,' DYNAMIC BOY! ARE YOU COUNTIN' 'EM?

RIGHT! HERE COME THE LAST ONES, BLISTERED BUT ALIVE!



WE'D HAVE PERISHED IF YOU HADN'T BEEN HERE, DYNAMIC MAN! HOW CAN WE SHOW OUR GRATITUDE?

BY RAISING A FUND FOR STEVE CROSBY'S WIDOW! HE WAS THE ONE WHO TIPPED US. IF KRUGER HADN'T KILLED HIM, WE'D NOT HAVE COME TO INVESTIGATE!





Fog fitted closely o'er the waterfront, spreading like a murky blanket of gloom dropped from the heavens and shrouding every earth-shape until it stood like a ghost in the blackness. No warmth was there in the fog-blanket, only the dank-wet chill of death. On such a night, Death dared The Echo, laughed at his amazing powers of ventriloquism and sealed a victim's lips--

Evening at the water front--

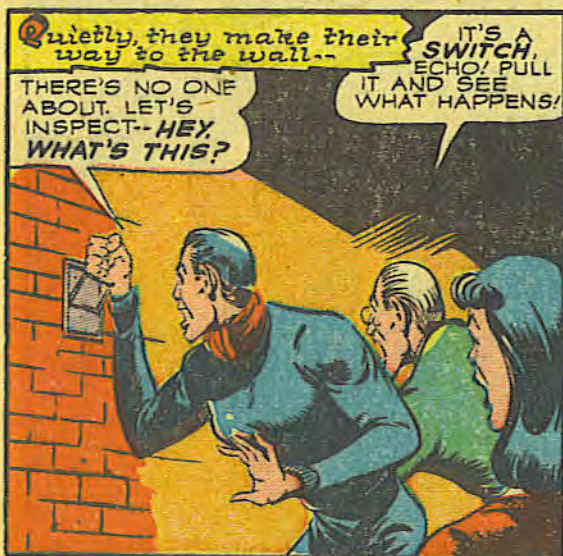
I GUESS THIS IS OUR LAST FISHING TRIP OF THE SEASON, ECHO.

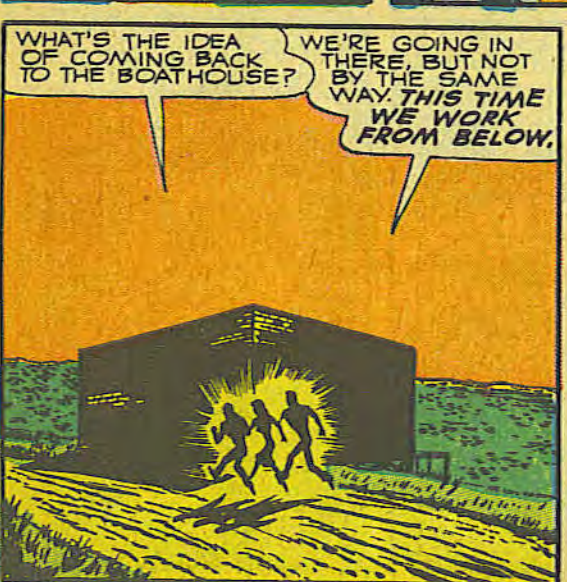
RIGHT, DOC, AND SAY, ISN'T THAT JOHN SAMSON, THE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS DAUGHTER?

GUESS SAMSON WILL HAVE HIS YACHT HAULED OUT OF THE WATER, TOO. UH, LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT?

A CRY FOR HELP! AND THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! COME ON!













GET DOWN INTO A SKIFF! WE'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!

IF THEY GET AWAY, WE'RE HEADIN' FOR A NECKTIE PARTY!



WE'LL GET 'EM, MARON--

OR WE'LL ALL DROWN TOGETHER--



But Doom suddenly opens the door--

YI-I-I! THE DOOR AIN'T THERE!

A LITTLE DUNKING BEFORE DROWNING WILL DO YOU BIRDS GOOD!



SPEAKING OF NECKTIE PARTIES, I'VE GOT QUITE A LINE MYSELF! THE ROPE DOES COME IN HANDY!

THE ECHO! KILL HIM, LOGO!



YEAH, I GOT HIM-- OW-W-W!

THAT'S RIGHT, LOGO! RIGHT ON THE FIST WITH YOUR JAW!



I'LL GET YOU NOW, YOU LOUSY VOICE THROWER!

MY VOICE ISN'T ALL I CAN THROW!



I LIKE TO THROW BUMS AROUND, TOO!



AM I GLAD YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAID NOTHING WAS WRONG! HERE COMES THE COAST GUARD FOR MARON!

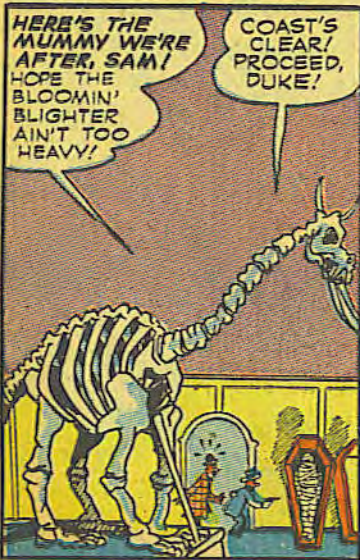
HAD TO SOLVE THAT CASE, SAMSON, OR GO TO JAIL!



MARON AND LOGO GRABBED JOAN AND ME THROUGH THE SECRET DOOR, THEN SENT ME BACK TO GET THE MONEY.

MARON SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO HIS BOATHOUSE. HE'LL BE IN DRY-DOCK FOR A LONG WHILE NOW!

IMA SLOOTH



COAST'S CLEAR! PROCEED, DUKE!

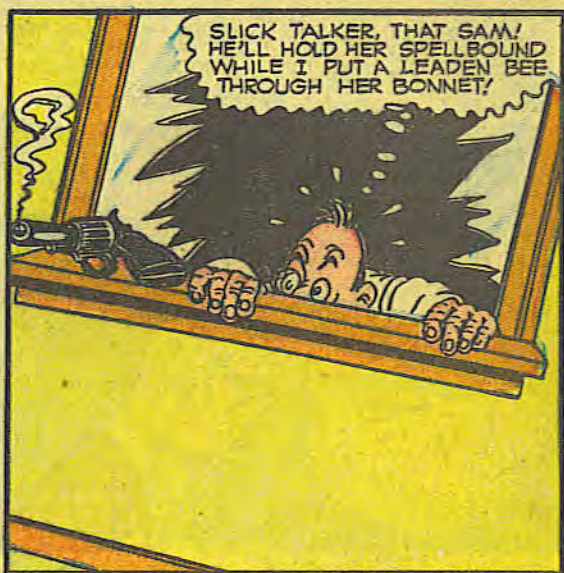


THEREFORE MAKE HASTE!



EXTRAORDINARY! I DARE SAY, THOUGH, THAT THE REMARK WAS PURELY A REFLEX ACTION OF THE OLD THING'S VOCAL CORDS!







HARRUMPH!
AND WHO IS THIS **SLOOTH** PERSON, EUSTACE? IT SOUNDED LIKE A **WOMAN'S VOICE!**



NONSENSE, ABIGAIL!
YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T CARRY ON AFFAIRS WITH OTHER WOMEN! GO BACK TO SLEEP! I WON'T BE LONG!



HOLD IT, MOSSY!
YOU MAKE MORE NOISE THAN A HERD OF ELEPHANTS!

OOPS!
OH, IT'S YOU, MISS **SLOOTH!**



I DOUBTED THAT YOUR MASQUERADING AS A MUMMY WOULD BE SUCCESSFUL, IMA. I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE!

SHHH, DOC!
SILENT SAM AND THE DUKE ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN WE SUSPECTED!



NOW YOU WAIT HERE, DOC, AND WHISTLE IF YOU SPOT THEM SNEAKING OUT WITH ANOTHER MUMMY!

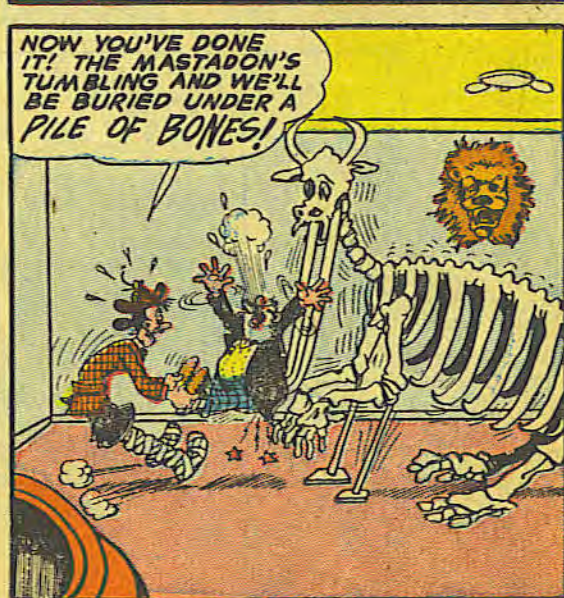
YES, BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL-- MISS **SLOOTH!**



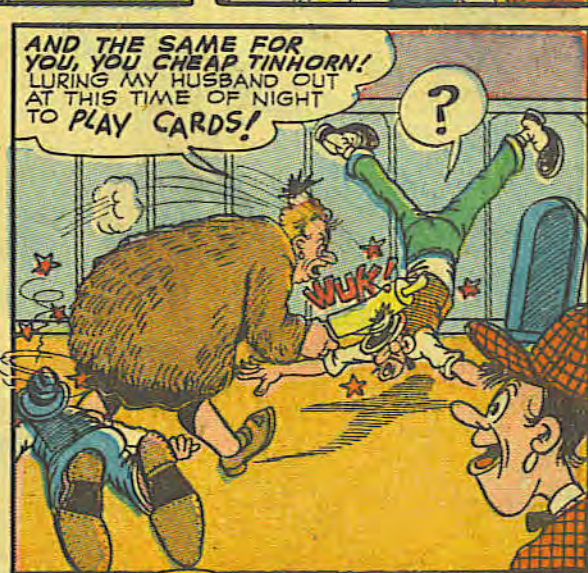
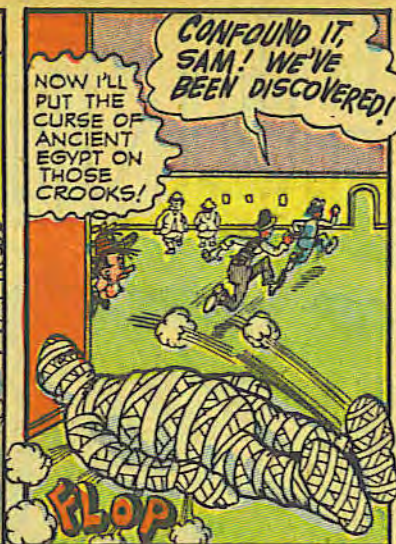
PIPE DOWN, YOU IDIOT! TAKE IT EASY!

EEEOW!
THEY GOT ME!

ZPLICK!



NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! THE MASTADON'S TUMBLING AND WE'LL BE BURIED UNDER A PILE OF BONES!



MANHUNTERS



Not only were the "Ice Murders" a test of Constable Bullock Webster's own powers. But the prestige of the Northwest Mounted Police rested upon his courage in tracking down a cold-blooded assassin in the frozen wastes of British Columbia! The wits of a ferocious killer were pitted against the skill of a brave officer—in this gripping true story of—



A May evening—sudden death creeps noiselessly—



--toward Jess Hendrickson, gold prospector--



--and his partner,
Bob Burns!



Two days later, a Siwash
Indian, making the
rounds of his fur traps--

NO LIKE TENTON
RIVER-- ICE SHE
BREAK UP SOON!
WHERE DOGS?
WHERE MEN?

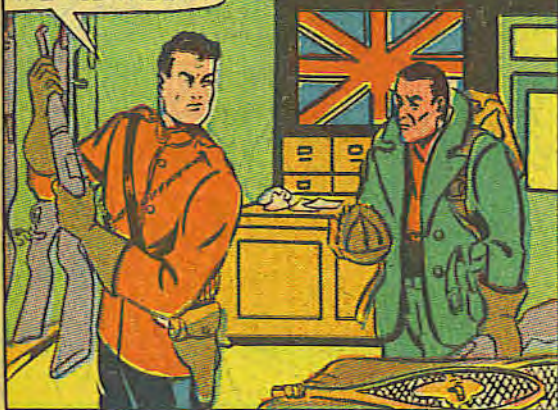


DEAD! ME GO
GLENORA FAST,
TELL POLICE! THEM
WANT KNOW
THESE MURDER!



At Constable Bullock-Webster's office
in Glenora, three days later--

I'M GLAD YOU HURRIED
HERE, SAM! WE'VE GOT
TO GET THERE BEFORE
THE ICE MELTS!



BURNS AND HENDRICKSON! Hmm--
THEY LEFT GLENORA A WEEK AGO
WITH FOUR EMPLOYEES-- THE
TWO VIPOND BROTHERS,
JOE CLAU AND A
COWPUNCHER,
JOE SMILEY!



ME FIND-UM
COAT UNDER
ICE NEAR SHORE!

THE MURDER
WEAPONS! THE KILLER
FIGURED THE
EVIDENCE WOULD
SINK WHEN THE
ICE MELTED!



Arranging for Sam, the Indian to bring the dead back to Glenora, Constable Bullock-Webster, alone, sets out on the trail of the missing members of the Burns-Hendrickson gold expedition!



A DAY LATER
SURE I REMEMBER THE BURNS-HENDRICKSON COMPANY. THEY BUSTED UP HERE AFTER A QUARREL!



Bullock-Webster's trailing is accurate--

THE VIPOND BROTHERS? YEAH, THEY'RE HERE, IN THAT CABIN!



YOU'RE THE VIPOND BROTHERS? I WANT A COUPLE OF ANSWERS, PLEASE, WHOSE MONEY'RE YOU GAMBLING WITH?



MONEE? YOU MAKE JOKE, NO? VIPOND BROTHERS POOR LIKE MOUSE! VRAIMENT!

IF YOU FIND MONEY ON THE VIPOND BROTHERS, CONSTABLE, I'LL EAT MY HAT! THEY HAVE MONEY! WOTTA LAUGH!



YOU SEE? VIPOND BROTHERS 'AVE REPUTATION OF BEGGAIR!

WELL, SOMEBODY KILLED BURNS AND HENDRICKSON, AND STOLE AT LEAST \$3000 AND EQUIPMENT!



DEAD? C'EST IMPOSSIBLE!

ONLY ONE MAN COULD DO THEES! SMILEY! SMILEY, HE FIGHT LIKE TIGAIR WEET BURNS. HE HATE BURNS LIKE DEAT!

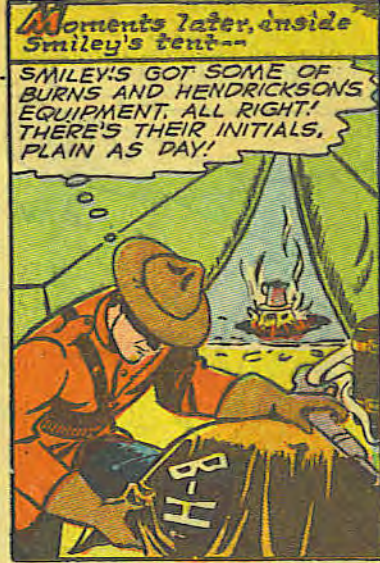


OUI! SMILEY-- HE MUS' KEEL THEM! OUI--HEEM!

THE VIPOND BROTHERS MUST BE INNOCENT-- BECAUSE WHOEVER KILLED BURNS AND HENDRICKSON MADE OFF WITH THEIR MONEY AND EQUIPMENT!



SMILEY-- HE MAK' ALL ZE TROUBLE! HE-BREAK UP TREP!



GOOD! THEY'RE STARTING TO TEAR THE DEAD DOGS APART INSTEAD OF ME! I WISH I COULD HANDLE SMILEY AS EASILY!



Smiley rushes Bullock-Webster and promptly gets a bullet through a leg--

NOW I'VE GOT HIM WHERE I WANT HIM!



CURSE YOU! YOU ALMOST KILLED ME!

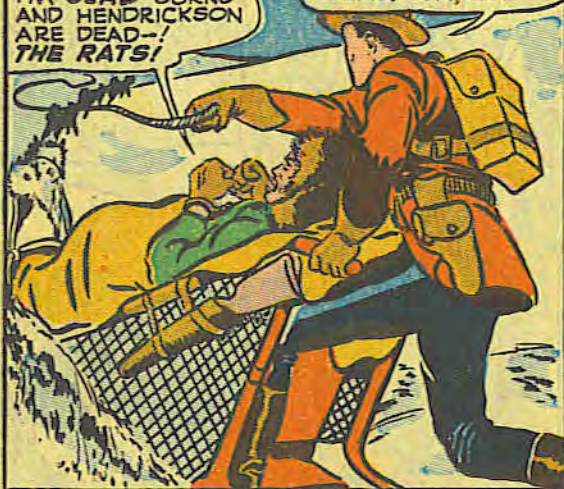
EVEN THOUGH YOU DIDN'T KILL BURNS OR HENDRICKSON, YOU'RE STILL TOO DANGEROUS A MAN TO LEAVE FLOATING AROUND, SMILEY! YOU'RE COMING BACK TO GLENORA!



An hour later--

I'M GLAD BURNS AND HENDRICKSON ARE DEAD-- THE RATS!

YOU'D BE GLAD ANYBODY WAS DEAD, SMILEY!



At Glenora--

I HOPE CLAUS ISN'T GOING TO GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE BRINGING HIM IN, SIR!

I'VE GOT A VERY ELOQUENT REVOLVER, TOMMY. JOE CLAUS IS THE MAN WE WANT-- I THINK-- AND WHAT WE WANT, WE GET!



A week later, having traced Joe Claus to Tuya Roadhouse--

DRINKS FOR EVERYBODY-- ON ME! AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT DOUGH CAME FROM!

THERE'S JOE CLAUS OVER THERE-- CONSTABLE. BEEN STANDING DRINKS ALL DAY LIKE HE HIT IT RICH!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT, CLAUS!

W-WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? HEY!



B.B. STANDS FOR BOB BURNS WHOM YOU MURDERED, CLAUS! YOUR SANTA CLAUS DAYS ARE OVER!



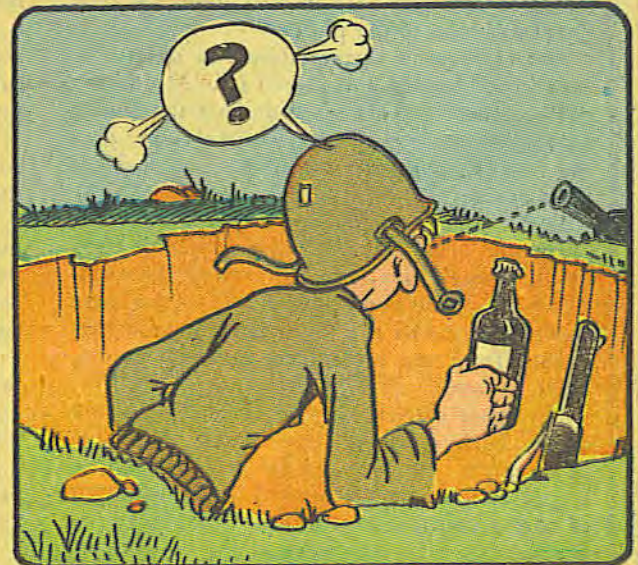
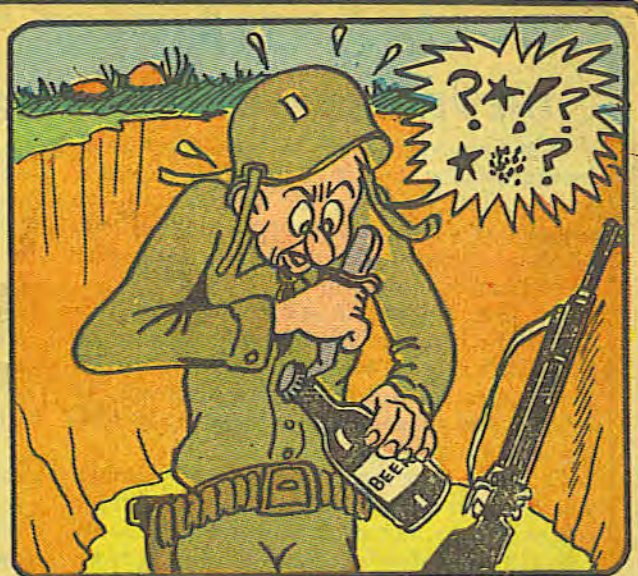
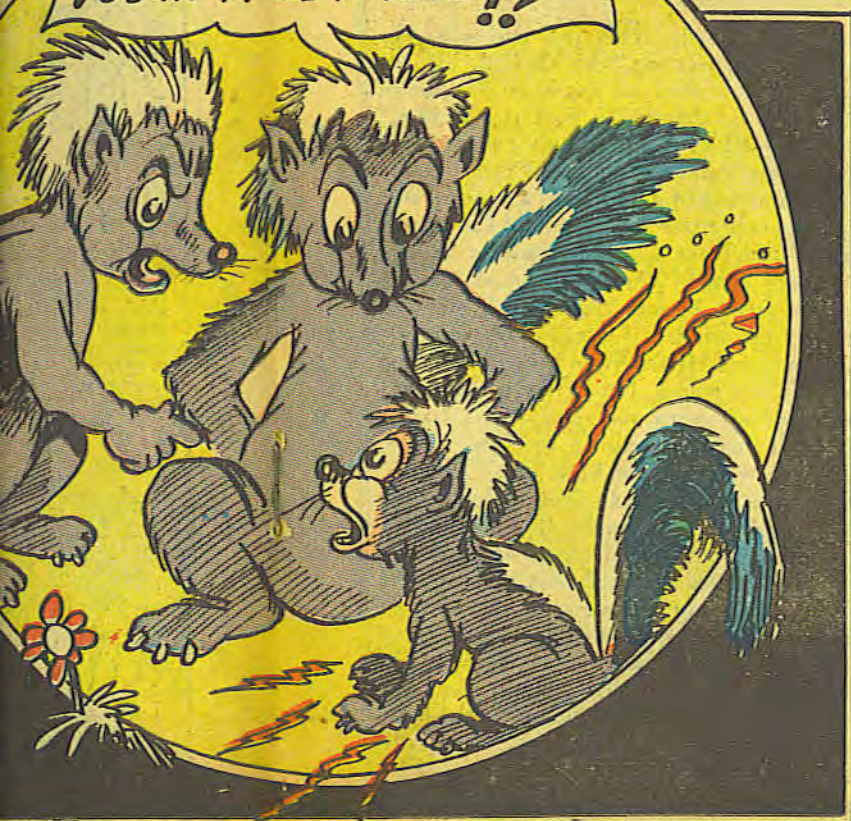


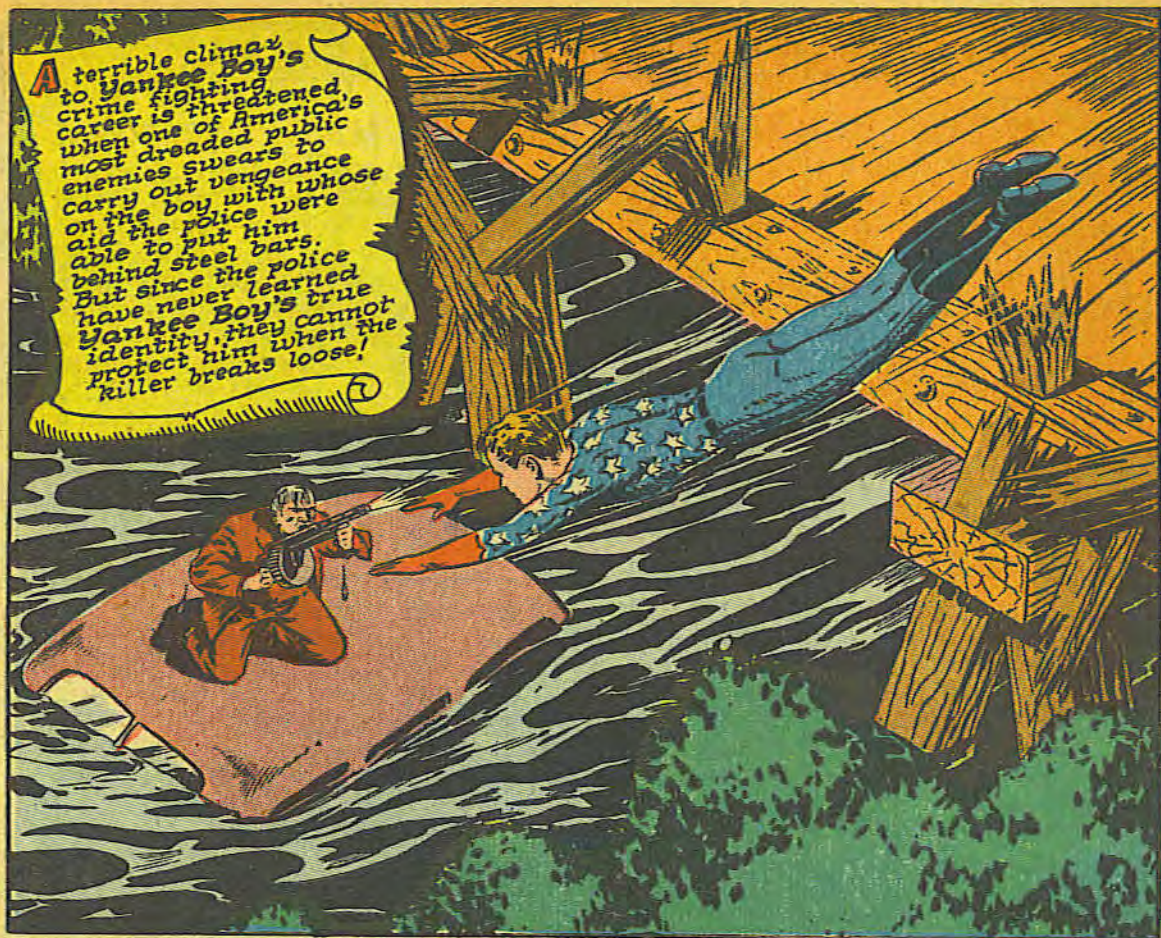
Jest a MOMENT

DON'T EXPECT ME
BACK THIS AFTERNOON,
BOSS! I'M PLAYING
RIGHT FIELD IN
TODAY'S GAME!

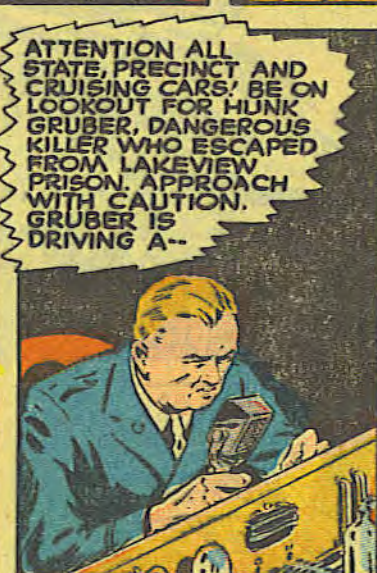
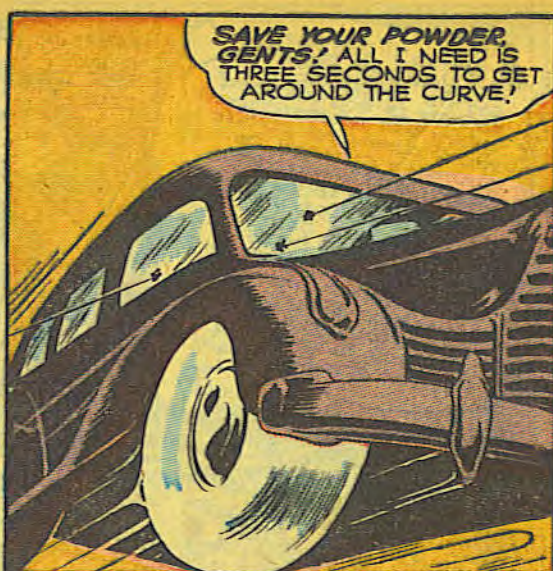
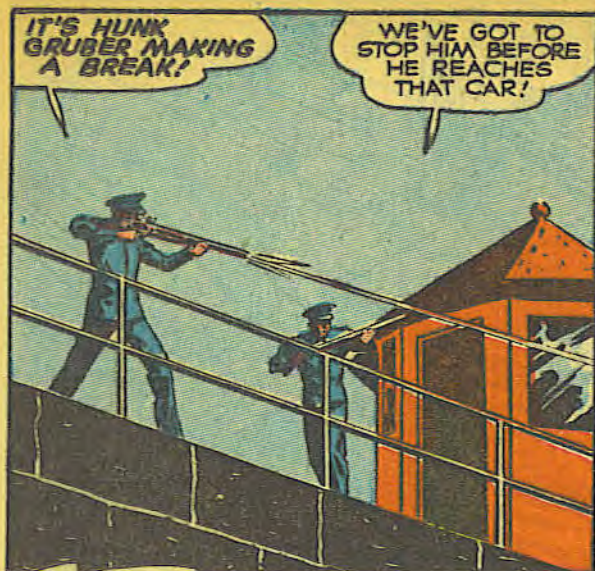
WILL YOU QUIT ASKING
HOW I MANAGED TO FIND
YOU IN A BLACKOUT?!

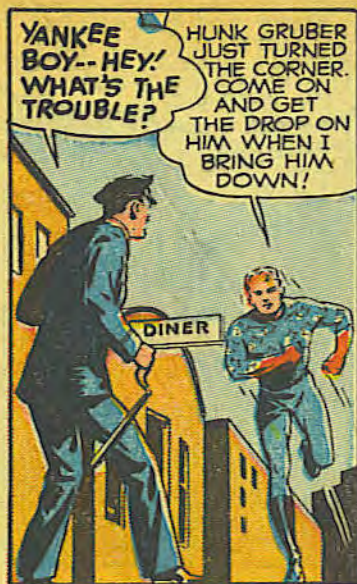






Yankee Boy





YANKEE BOY--HEY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

HUNK GRUBER JUST TURNED THE CORNER. COME ON AND GET THE DROP ON HIM WHEN I BRING HIM DOWN!



HOLD IT, HUNK! I HEAR YOU'RE PLAYING HOOKEY FROM THE HOOSEGOW!

WHA? WHY YOU LITTLE RAT!



Twisting as he falls, Gruber makes a fast draw.

DROP THAT GUN, GRUBER!

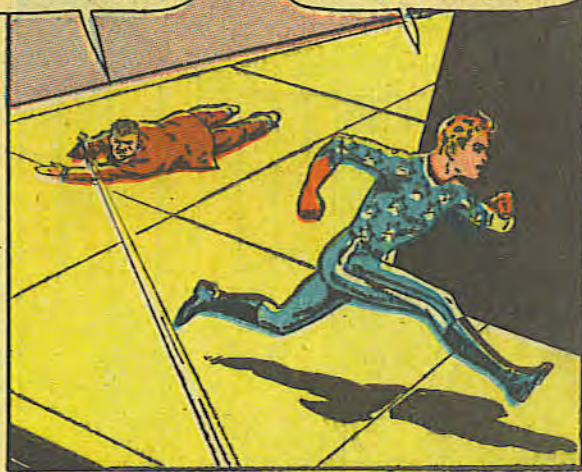
A FLATFOOT! TRY AND BEAT THIS!



SLUG HIM DOWN, YANKEE BOY! I--I--CAN'T HELP. HE GOT ME--

COME BACK HERE, YOU BRAT, OR I'LL PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD!

YOU'LL TRY TO KILL ME EITHER WAY. NO DICE, GRUBER!



OFF ALL THE ROTTEN BREAKS! YANKEE BOY'S DUCKED AND I HAD TO KILL THE COP. IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH ON ME NOW!



Ten minutes later in a quiet neighborhood--

PSST! HEY, KID! YOU WANNA MAKE TEN BUCKS EASY?

YOU BET, MISTER! WHAT'S THE CATCH?



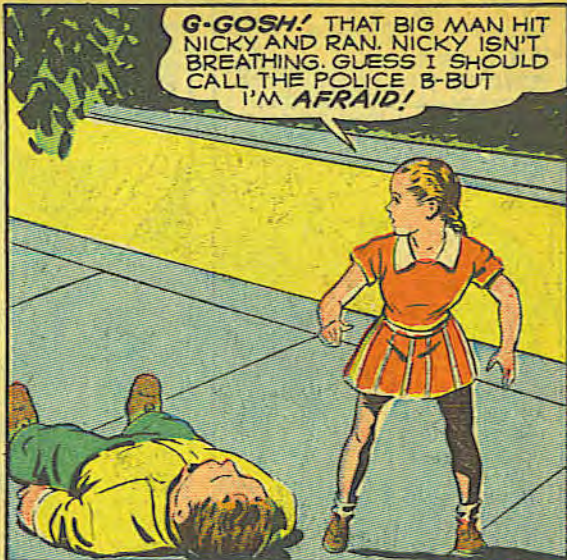
NO STRINGS ATTACHED, KID. IF YOU GOT A GOOD IDEA WHO YANKEE BOY REALLY IS AND WHERE HE LIVES.

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A COP--SO I'LL TELL YUH. YANKEE BOY IS VIC MARTIN. LIVES FIFTH HOUSE IN ON NEXT STREET!

SORRY, KID! I AIN'T GOT TEN BUCKS, BUT THIS'LL KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT FOR A LONG TIME!



G-GOSH! THAT BIG MAN HIT NICKY AND RAN. NICKY ISN'T BREATHING. GUESS I SHOULD CALL THE POLICE B-BUT I'M AFRAID!



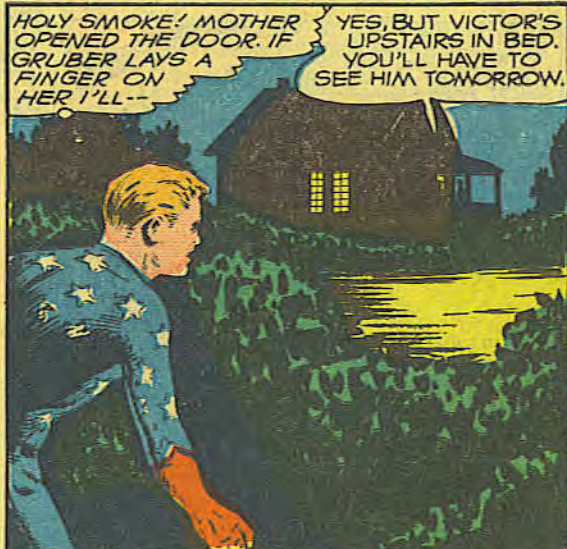
But Yankee Boy is only a block away--

YES, I'VE BEEN SHADOWING HIM SINCE HE SHOT OFFICER MAHONEY. YOU'D BETTER CLOSE IN FAST. I'LL TRY TO GRAB HIM, BUT HE'S OUT TO KILL ME.



HOLY SMOKE! MOTHER OPENED THE DOOR. IF GRUBER LAYS A FINGER ON HER I'LL--

YES, BUT VICTOR'S UPSTAIRS IN BED. YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE HIM TOMORROW.



YEAH? I'LL SEE HIM NOW, LADY! ER, HUH?



HEY, GRUBER! DON'T BE A DOPE!

WHY, YUH DIRTY LITTLE SNEAK! THIS TIME YUH DON'T GET AWAY!

HEAVENS! WHO'S HE SHOOTING AT?





NOW A SLUG THROUGH
YOUR HEAD TO MAKE
SURE YOU'VE
GROAKED!



WHY THE
LITTLE JERK!
NOTHING BUT
HIS SHIRT!

POLICE CAR
SIRENS! NOW
WE'LL CORNER
THE RAT!



SPREAD OUT
BOYS! WE'LL
SURROUND THE
NEIGHBORHOOD!

DON'T
TAKE ANY
CHANCES,
MAC!
GRUBER'S
ARMED!



THANKS, FLATTIE!
I CAN USE YOUR
ARTILLERY!



HEY, FELLAS!
STOP HIM!

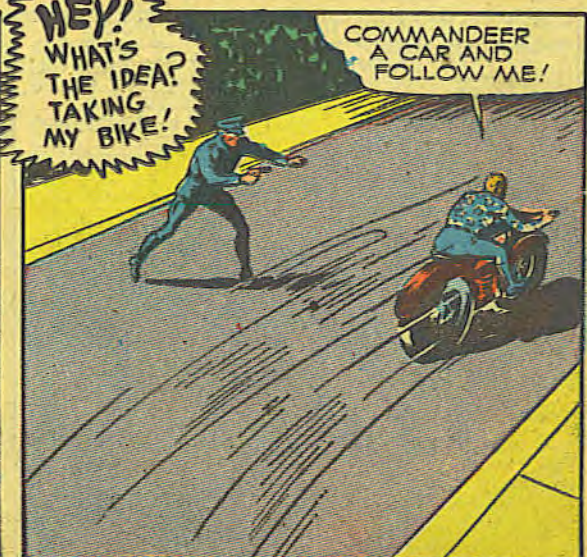
HE SLUGGED
MC CARTHY AND
IS GRABBING
YOUR PATROL
CAR!

CAN'T
LOSE A
SECOND
NOW, BUT
I'LL GET
THAT KID
LATER OR
DIE TRYING!



YEAH, GO AHEAD,
YANKEE BOY. IF
YOU CAN RIDE
THAT BIKE,
TRAIL HIM!

KEEP PLUGGING
FOR THE
REAR TIRES!



HEY!
WHAT'S
THE IDEA?
TAKING
MY BIKE!

COMMANDER
A CAR AND
FOLLOW ME!

Racing out of the city limits, the roads become wet and slippery--

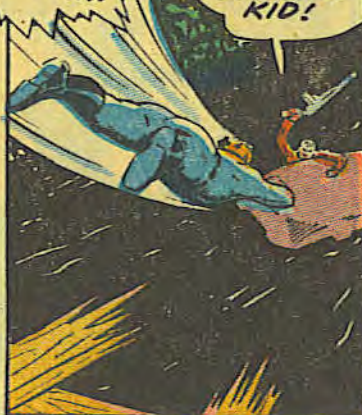
IT AIN'T A COP FOLLOWING ME. IT'S THAT CURSED KID. I'LL SLOW AND FORCE HIM INTO A **DITCH!**



I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH GRUBER. GOING RIGHT IN AFTER HIM TO MAKE SURE HE WON'T ESCAPE!



LAY THAT CHOPPER DOWN, HUNK, OR I'LL HOLD YOUR HEAD UNDER!



YOU'RE GOING 6 FEET UNDER DRY GROUND, KID!

A fast flip-over and Yankee Boy's heels score a bullseye!



I GUESS **THIS** SETTLES OUR ARGUMENT, GRUBER!

WHAT HAPPENED TO **YANKEE BOY**? I SAW HIM SWIMMING ASHORE WHEN WE GOT HERE!

NEVER MIND! WE'VE GOT TO GET GRUBER OUT. GRAB THIS ROPE, GRUBER, OR YOU'LL **DROWN!**



The next morning--

MY GOODNESS, VIC! YANKEE BOY AND THE POLICE CAUGHT THE MAN WHO CAME HERE LOOKING FOR YOU LAST NIGHT!

WHAT MAN, MOM? WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME UP SO I COULD HAVE **WATCHED** THE EXCITEMENT?



D HASTINGS N

Death suddenly came out of nowhere, claimed a thousand innocent souls. And before Dan Hastings, the super-guardian of the spaceways, could get to his ship, Death had marked him too, as he fought desperately against an enemy that wouldn't die!



On Tamar, a small asteroid between Mars and Jupiter, Hok Sud, a master-criminal, confers with Frug, creator of scientific devilry--

FRUG, THE NEW WEAPON IS **TERRIFIC!** WE CAN CONTROL ALL SPACEWAYS COMMERCE NOW!

WE'LL HAVE THE RACKET TO END ALL RACKETS, OF COURSE, THERE'S **DAN HASTINGS** TO CONSIDER!



I'LL WORRY ABOUT **HASTINGS** WHEN I COME TO HIM-- **THERE THEY GO!**



AND THAT SQUAD WILL ELIMINATE **HASTINGS'** ENTIRE AMERICAN SPACE PATROL IN **ONE ATTACK!**

Little does Dan Hastings suspect the danger impending, as off duty, he visits with the Carters--

SO YOU'VE EARNED YOUR WINGS, BOB!

THAT'S WHY WE'RE CELEBRATING AT **THE TOWERS**, DAN! THE HIGHEST ROOF TOP IN NEW YORK!



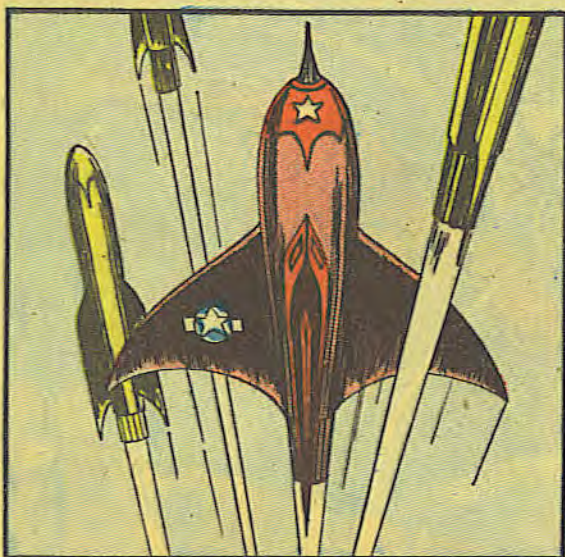
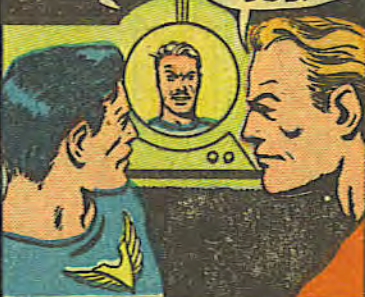
SOME DAY, BOB, WE'LL BE FLYING OUR SHIPS OUT AS FAR AS SATURN!

BUT WITH SATURN STILL NOTHING BUT A GASEOUS MASS DAN, YOU WON'T STOP FOR A PICNIC LUNCH, I FEAR!



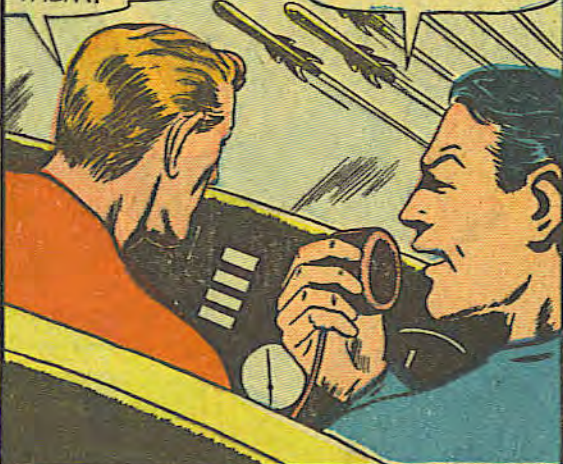
FLASH! WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO TELL YOU THAT MARS REPORTS A HUGE ARMADA OF ARMED SPACE SHIPS HEADING FOR EARTH. ALL MEMBERS OF SPACEWAYS POLICE WILL REPORT AT ONCE--

THAT MEANS US, BOB!



THERE THEY ARE, BUT I DON'T RECOGNIZE THEM!

ENEMY SIGHTED! GET READY FOR ATTACK!

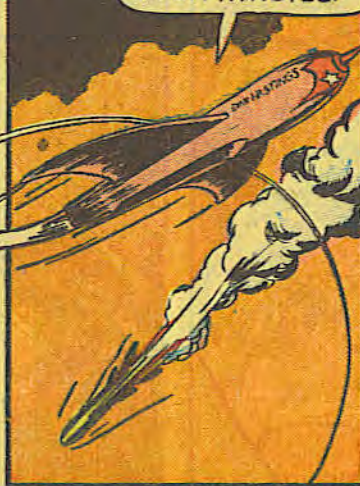


THEY'VE STARTED IT! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!

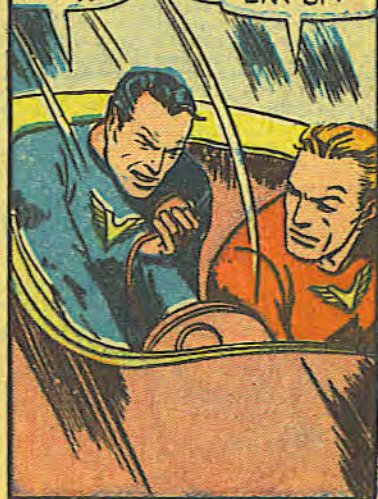


NICE GOING! WE'LL HAVE 'EM ON THE RUN IN A FEW MINUTES!



THEY'RE DIVING!

GIVE ORDERS TO FOLLOW 'EM UP!





THEY'RE SURE
MESSING UP
THE FIELD, DAN!

AND ONE SQUAD
IS BREAKING AWAY
TOWARD THE CITY!
THEY MAY LAND
ON **THE TOWERS!**



Dan's guess is right--the enemy
lands on "The Towers" roof--

THIS FIGHT
WILL BE
HAND-TO-
HAND!

WE'LL GIVE 'EM
A **HANDFUL** OF
TROUBLE, TOO!



THOSE RATS
ARE LITERALLY
BEING BLOWN
TO BITS!

OH, BOY!
BUT LOOK
AT 'EM,
DAN!



YEAH, WE
KILL 'EM,
BUT THEY
WON'T **DIE!**

THEY'RE IMMUNE
TO RAY GUN
FIRE! HOW
CAN WE STOP
'EM, DAN?



LOOK, DAN!
OVER AT DAD'S
TABLE!



THEY'VE GOT
GLORIA, BOB!
SMASH THROUGH
'EM QUICK!

AND ONE OF
THE ENEMY
HAS **DAD, TOO!**



I CAN SPEAK FOR
THE EARTH IN THIS
EMERGENCY! BUT
FIRST YOU'LL LEAVE
MY DAUGHTER ALONE!

WE'LL
GIVE THE
ORDERS!









COULD MR. "E" UNMASK THE FIENDISH INSPIRATION BEHIND A RISING TOLL OF TERRORISM, MURDER, AND BLOODY ASSAULT? HE KNEW HE WAS PLUNGING INTO A SUICIDAL ASSIGNMENT WHEN HE TACKLED THE CASE-BUT HE WASN'T AFRAID TO DIE IF HIS SACRIFICE WOULD SPARE HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT LIVES FROM THE TREACHEROUS PERIL!



THAT STUPID COP CAN'T STOP ME! I'LL SHOW HIM HOW GOOD I CAN SHOOT!



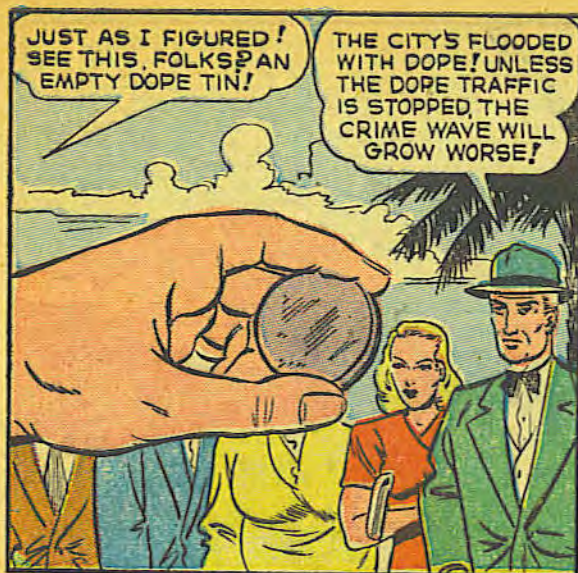
OOW! MY BACK-AH! SOMETHIN' HIT ME!

STAY BACK, FOLKS! MAYBE HE'S JUST WOUNDED!



HE MUST HAVE BEEN DESPERATE FOR MONEY!....I HAD ONLY THREE DOLLARS IN MY PURSE!

DEAD!... BUT MAYBE THERE'S A CLUE ON HIM!



JUST AS I FIGURED!
SEE THIS, FOLKS! AN
EMPTY DOPE TIN!

THE CITY'S FLOODED
WITH DOPE! UNLESS
THE DOPE TRAFFIC
IS STOPPED, THE
CRIME WAVE WILL
GROW WORSE!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

I'D HAVE TAKEN HIM
ALIVE FOR GRILLING.
CHIEF -- BUT HE WAS
SHOOTING WILD!

THE FEDERAL
NARCOTIC
AGENTS ARE
BAFFLED--AND IT'S
DOPE THAT MAKES
THESE MEN
TURN TO CRIME!



SAY, CHIEF--DID
YOU EVER HEAR
OF "MR. E"?

YOU BET I
HAVE! AND
HE'S JUST
THE MAN FOR
THIS JOB!



RIGHT, CHIEF
HUGHES! I'LL
HOP THE NEXT
PLANE FOR
FLORIDA!

THANKS, MR.
"E"--I KNEW
YOU'D AGREE
TO HELP US!



FIRST I SHALL SEEK
THE WISDOM OF THE
ANCIENT DIETY
KING KOLAH!



ALL WISE AND POWERFUL GOD,
I PLEAD YOUR AID IN SMASHING
A CRIME BREEDING DRUG RING!



AHA! THAT'S ONE OF THE GANG!
PERHAPS HE LISTENED IN ON THE
CHIEF'S CALLS!I'LL HEED
THIS WARNING!

KING KOLAH'S MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE TAKE WING FOR RECONNAISSANCE AHEAD OF MR. "E"!

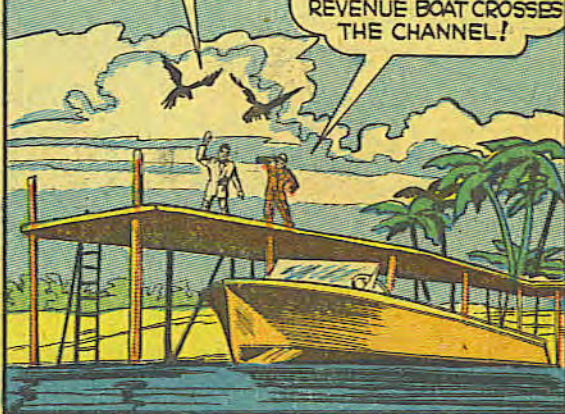
THE MIDNIGHT PLANE WILL LAND ME IN FLORIDA BY DAWN!



AT DAYBREAK IN THE EVERGLADES SWAMP--

WHAT'S EATIN' THOSE CRAZY CROWS, NICK?

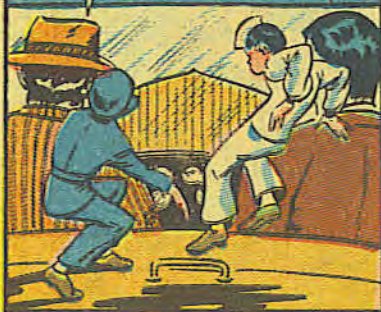
THEY'LL BE PICKIN' YOUR BONES, SNAKE IF WE DON'T MAKE THE PICKUP BEFORE THE REVENUE BOAT CROSSES THE CHANNEL!



IN A TWINKLING, THE MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE CHANGE FROM RAVENS TO TINY MEN...

THE CLIPPER FROM PORTUGAL WILL FLY OVER IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

I HOPE THE STEWARD SMUGGLED THE PACKAGE ABOARD FOR US!



IF ONE OF 'EM TURNS, WE'LL BE SPOTTED! LET'S DUCK UNDER THE ENGINE HATCH!

OKEDOKE! WE'LL GET THE LOW-DOWN FOR MR. "E"!



HE THREW IT OUT FOR US-- LET'S GRAB IT, NICK!



HEY! WHAT TH' ? HOW DID THOSE CROWS FOLLOW US?

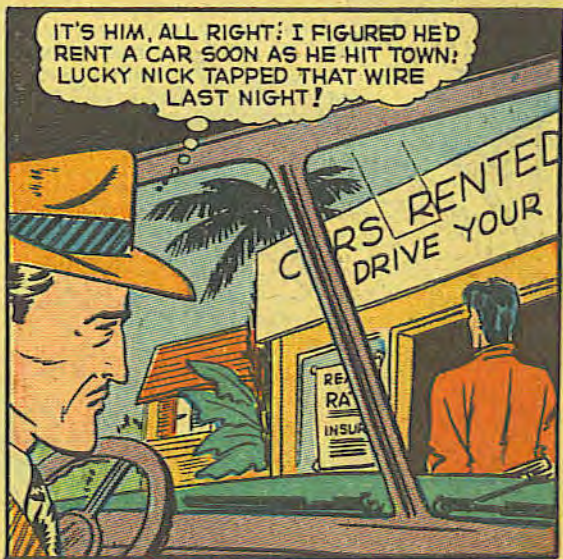
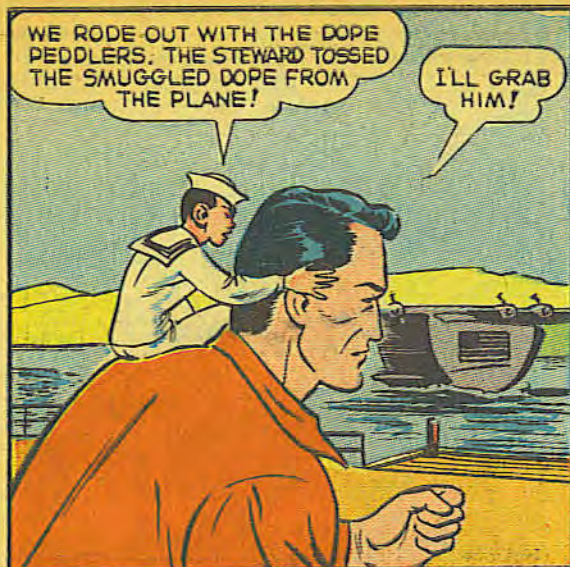
BY FLAPPIN' THEIR WINGS, SNAKE! HERE, TAKE THE CAN!



YES, MR. "E"-- THAT'S THE CLIPPER FROM LISBON LANDING IN THE LAGOON!

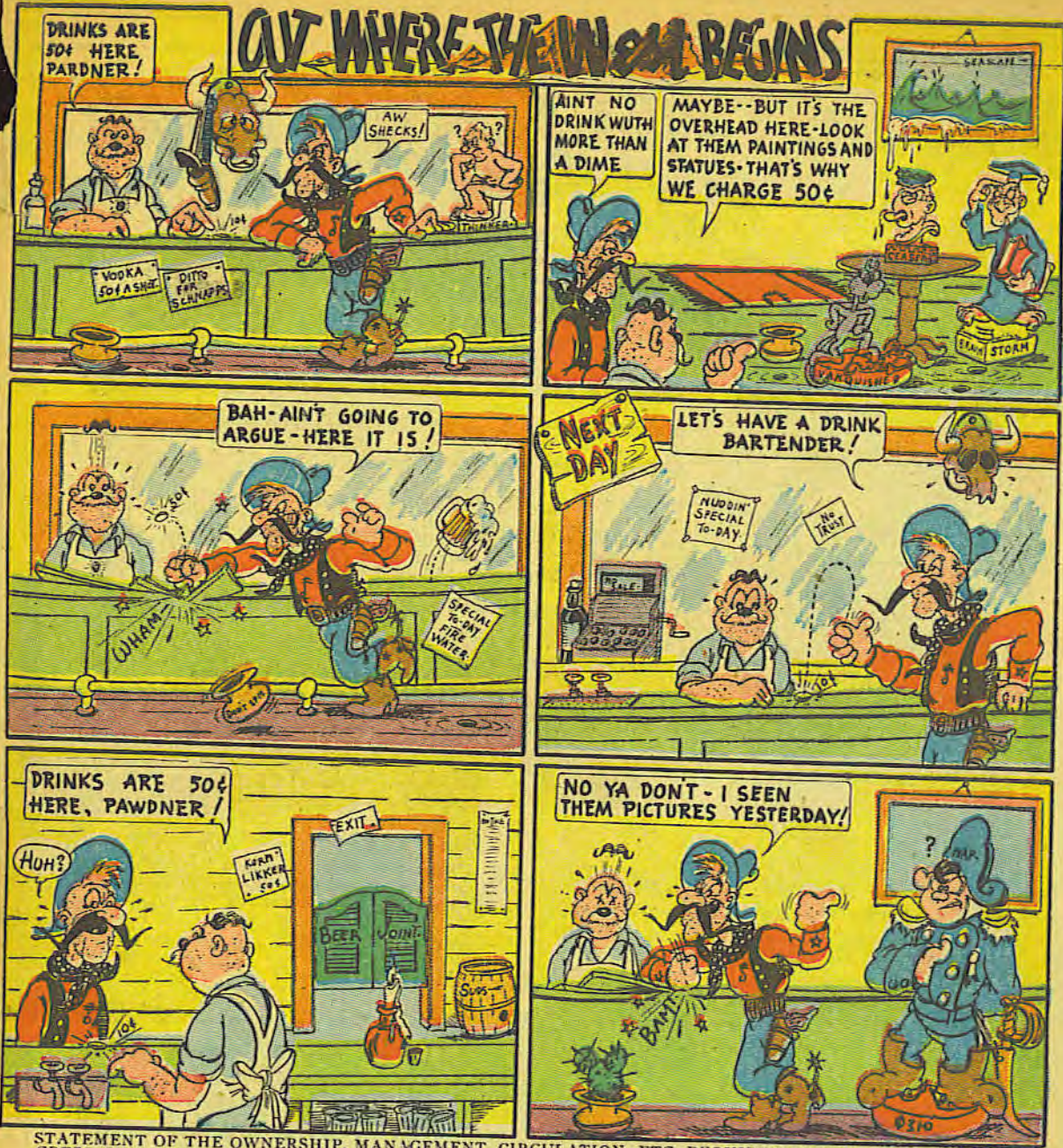
GOOD -- I'M GOING OVER THERE FOR A LOOK!











STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF DYNAMIC Comics, published quarterly at St. Louis, Missouri, for June 1, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Harry A. Chesler, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Harry A. Chesler, Jr., 50 Main Street, Succasunna, N. J.; Editor, Will Harr, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Harry A. Chesler, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owners are: Harry "A" Chesler, Jr. Publications, Inc., 50 Main Street, Succasunna, N. J.; Harry "A" Chesler, Jr., Succasunna, N. J.; Harry "A" Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.; Betty Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stocks and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of May, 1946

JOSEPH BELL
(My Commission Expires on March 30, 1947)

(Signed) HARRY A. CHESLER,
Business Manager